

I'm a Pilgrim.

Handwritten musical score for "I'm a Pilgrim" featuring three staves of music and lyrics.

Staff 1: Key of F major, common time. Notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. Measures 1-10.

Staff 2: Key of F major, common time. Notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. Measures 11-20.

Staff 3: Key of F major, common time. Notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. Measures 21-30.

Lyrics:

- I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can
- Of that city unto which I journey, my Redeemer, my Re-
- There the sunbeams are ever shining, O my longing heart, my

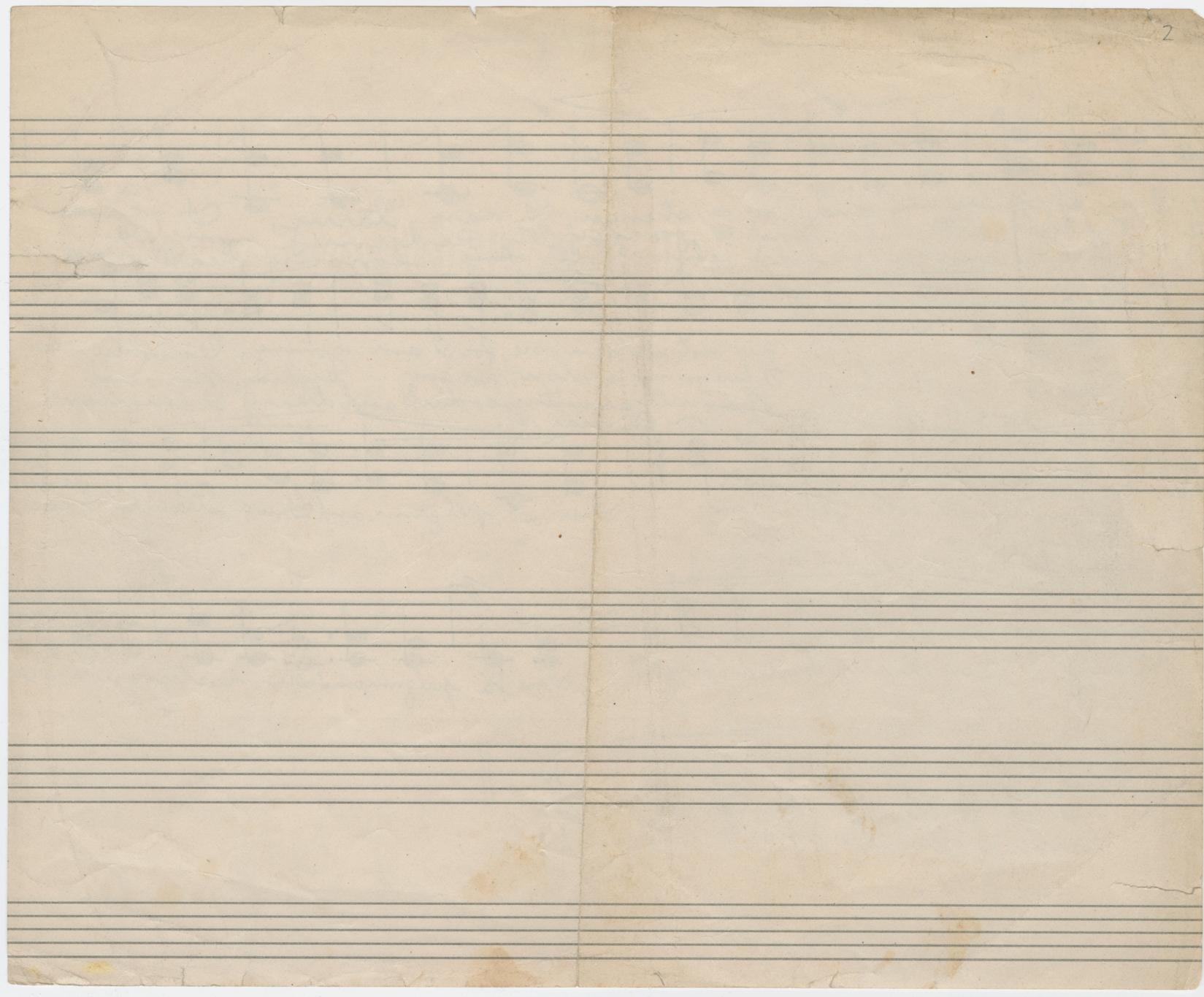
tarry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am going, O where the
dear but no sight. There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, nor any
longing heart is there. Herein this country so dark and dreary, I long have

Chorus:

fountains are ever flowing, I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can
tears there, nor any dying, wandered forlorn and lonely.

tarry, I can tarry but a night! I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can

tarry, I can tarry but a night!



Genre

Thorns and Roses

[90-00] 3

C: b 3 F E | F . E | T | T | F | P | F | F | F | P |

1. We as pilgrims journey on Ev-er toward the setting sun
2. Fellow trav-el-ers we met Song with kindly smiles will greet
3. as you jour-neys, day by day, Scatter ros-es by the way;

C: D F E | F . E | T | T | F | P | F | F | F | P |

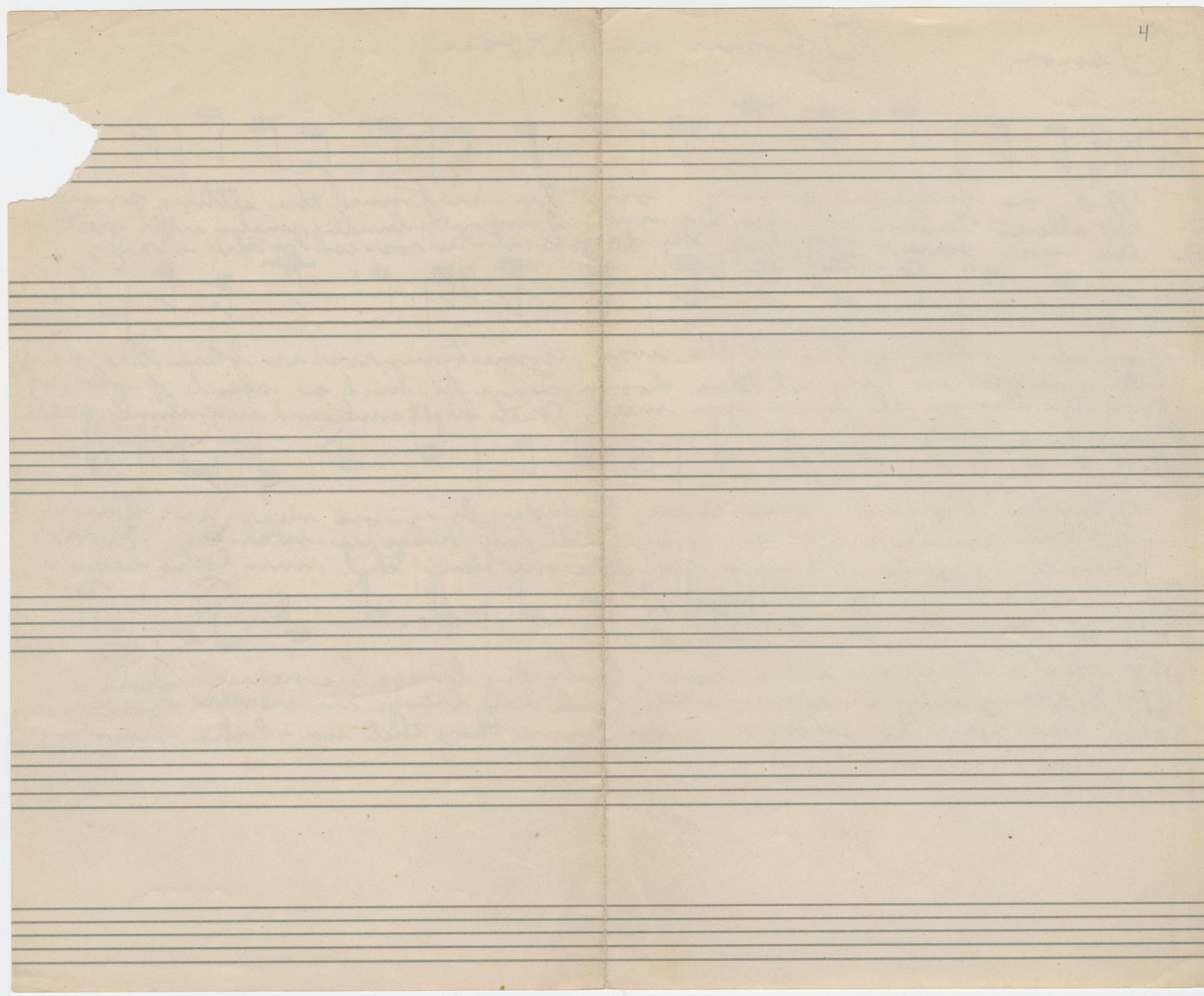
Sometimes thoms be-set the way, Sometimes ros-es bless the day;
Oth-ers frown-ing at their doom, Leave be-hind a shade of gloom,
And the trav-el-ers you meet, With light smile and sun-shine greet:

F D F | D . F | D | D | F | P | F | F | F | P |

Whether thoms or roses come, Each day brings us near-er home;
Whether smiles, or roses come, Each day brings us near-er home;
For the joy to oth-ers given Is one key that un-locks hearin';

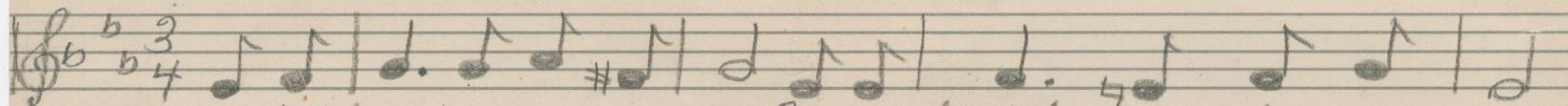
F D F | D . F | D | D | F | P | F | F | F | P |

If beth-er thoms or roses come, Each day brings us nearer home.
If beth-er smiles or roses come, Each day brings us nearer home.
For the joy to oth-ers given Is one key that un-locks hearin'.

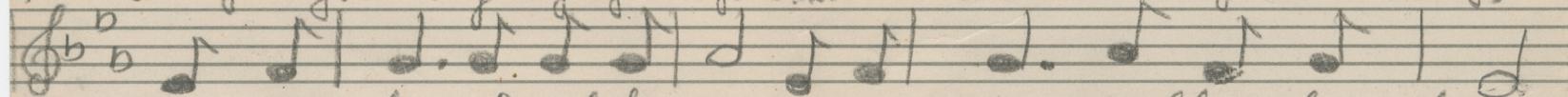


Thorns and Roses.

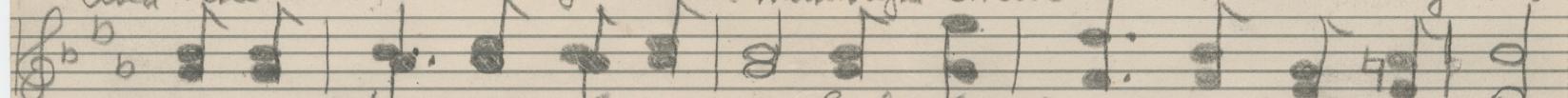
[90-001]



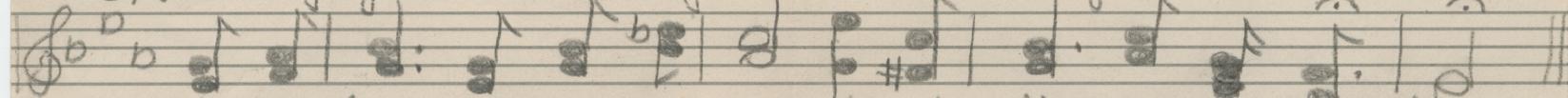
1. We as pil-grims jour-ney on Ev-er toward the set-ting sun:
 2. Feel-low trav-el-ers we meet. Some with kind-ly smiles will greet,
 3. As you jour-ney day by day, Scatter ros-es by the way;



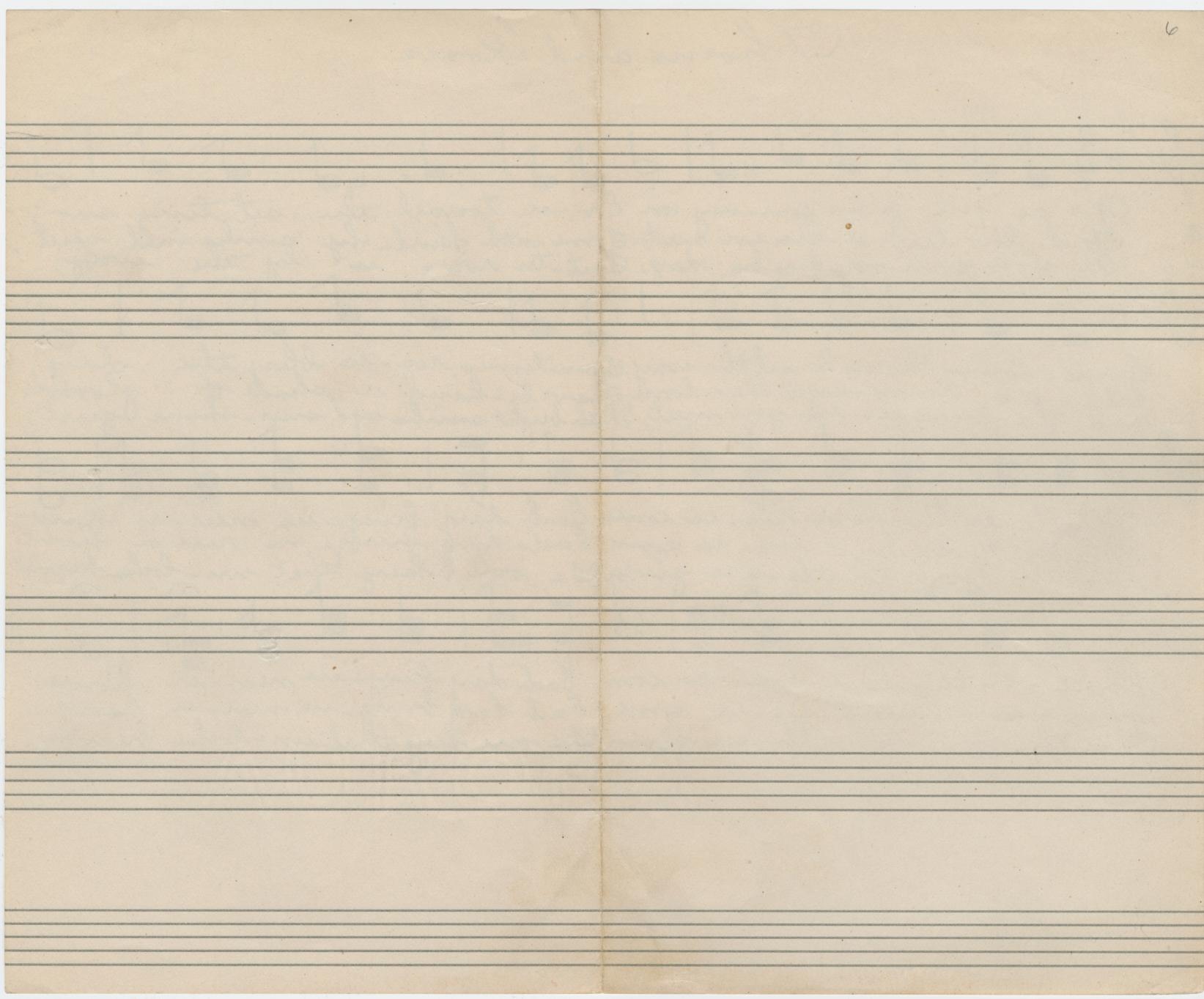
Some-times thorns be-set the way, Some-times ros-es bles-s the day;
 Oth-ers, knock-ing at their door, Leave be-hind a shade of gloom;
 and the trav-el-ers you meet, With bright smiles and sun-shine greet;



If heth-er thorns or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home;
 If heth-er smiles, or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.
 For the joy to oth-ers given Is one say that un-locks heav'n.

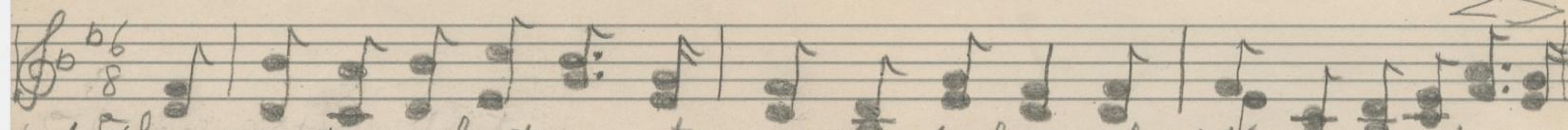


If heth-er thorns or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.
 If heth-er smiles, or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.
 For the joy to oth-ers given Is one say that un-locks heav'n.

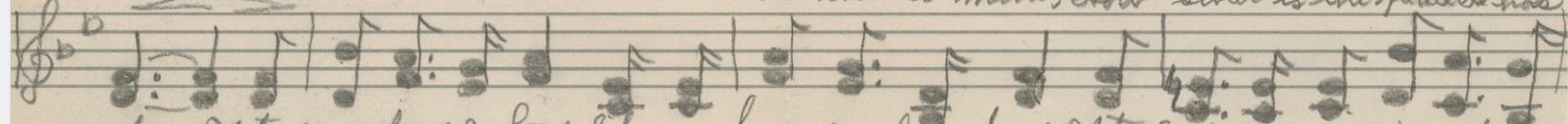


A Message of Love.

[90-00] 7



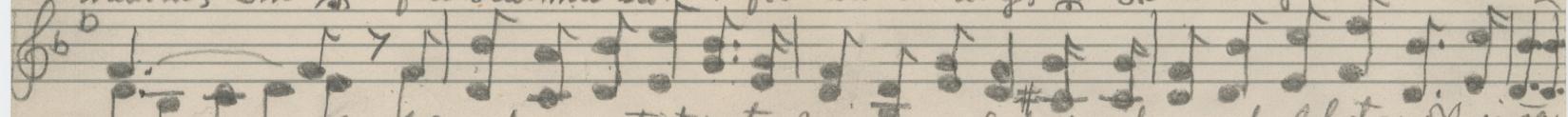
1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of love, When I was for-sak-en and
 2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, and filled me with sunshine and
 3. And since I am thine, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the peace He has



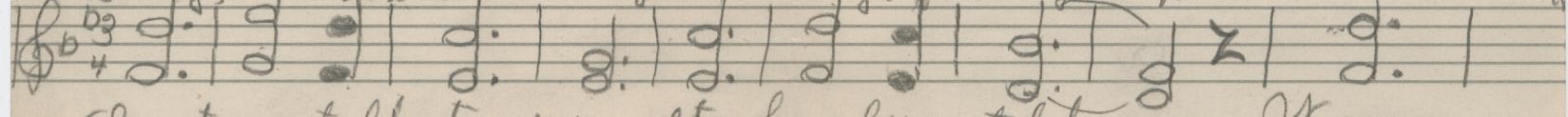
sad; It came from a-love like a heav-en-ly dove. It bade me re-joice and be
 song; My hope did ab-ound upon the Savior I found; I think of Him all the day
 given! From morn-ing till night He's my joy and de-light, A blessed as-surance of



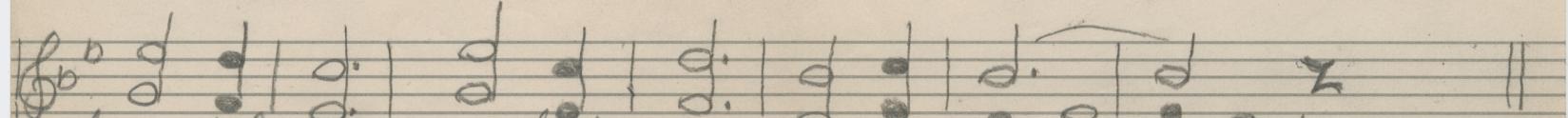
glad; New cour-age a-rosing in my soul when I heard of One who deliv-ers me could
 long; And fol-low-ing close-by my Shepherd and Guide He leads me where cool waters
 hearti; In per-fect sub-mis-sion I fol-low a-long, For He is my Savior and



I bound in con-tri-tion to Jesus my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto-ry I sing
 bring; My soul as re-freshed again Him I a-dore, And re-joic-ing His prais-es I sing
 spring; And when I have joined with thy glorified throng then for-ever this theme I will sing
 King;



Sweet, sweet old sto-ry, oft has been told; Won-



der-ful sto-ry that nev-er grows old (never grows old).

Symphony To The Angels.

[90-001] 9

Wake — from sleep, the day — is — breaking; Hills and — vales — are
 bath'd in — light. Se- raph shuns their God — are — prais-ing,
 In that world — that knows no — night. Starts! — hear, —
 hear the angels sing — ing, Gold-en harps in ho-
 vies blind, with
 voi-us blind Strains ce- les-tial, never — ending, Strains ce-
 semprese. *p* *pacem animato cresc.*
inten- *p express.* *p*
 les-tial never end-ing *to* the Throne on high — to his

1. *Four rit.* *a tempo.* *p*
 Thine - on high as - and. & thin - the day is slow - ly -
cresc.
 fading - night and - dark - ness draw - ing near, & pu - rit -
 former in rai - ment shin - ing To the pure - in heart ap - pear.
ff
 Hark - I hear, - I hear the Angels sing - ing Gold - en harps in thone
p *fourth* *animato* *molto cresc.*
 blind, with voices blind, strains ae - less - tial, nev - er -
ff *p* *d*
 end - ing, strains ae - less - tial nev - er - end - ing Of the thone

[90-001]

Weldon Bond
Jefferson School

f

bp

molto int.

a tempo

